The World Tomorrow

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And Others

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World Tomorrow

Vol. X July, 1927 No. 7

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The Point of View

"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!"

THIS most ancient of English songs reminded the "harassed Editor" that it was vacation time. Not being like the housewife who puzzled her husband by "getting insanity" when she hadn't been anywhere but the kitchen for the last fifteen years, the Editor threw off his hat, discarded his collar and tie, rolled up his shirt sleeves—and went for a holiday. He was tired of the city, with its noisy crowds stamping the putty pavement. So he called his eagle and off they went together. They soared over the clouds and in a little alighted in a Youth Camp. From all over the world youth was gathered here, singing and playing, dreaming of a world a little less stupid, a little more kindly and just. And the Editor drew hope for a better tomorrow. His eagle beckoned and once more they rode the clouds. Again they stopped at a camp in a region of burgeoning loveliness. Here he found students and teachers, labor leaders and farmers, preachers and editors, eagerly discussing their problems. Here was the throb of life which gave him joy.

And then the eagle took him to a lonely island and brought him a few books to ponder for himself: Amiel's *Journal,* to remind him of the power of mysticism; St. Augustine's *Confessions,* that he might marvel at a soul speaking to its God; Hume's *Letters,* in order to give him contact with a hard and keen mind; Milton's *Areopagitica* and Mill's *On Liberty,* to put before him the priceless boon of freedom; Morley's *On Compromise,* to teach him honesty; von Suttner's *Ground Your Arms!,* to demonstrate the work of war and the warmakers; Havelock Ellis' *Dance of Life* and Spengler's *Untergang,* that he might ponder the art of living and trend of human development. The e would give him no more, but asked he spend a month with some great fu mentals to rise above everyday life.

The Editor enjoyed his holiday. thought that it would be splendid for s Ph. D. candidate to determine who invented vacations and then to place m ments to this great benefactor in e town where now stand military her He recalled the lines:

If I could have a holiday
And know that all the world w playing, too,
As happy children do:
That would be paradise.

He sends out this Vacation Number w the purpose of helping his readers er themselves during that period.

BECAUSE we believed our reac might find more stimulating this month a variety of articles, and not cause we are relinquishing the topical rangement, there is little or no concent tion on one subject in this issue. Am our contributors are **Zona Gale,** outsta ing novelist; **Louis Stanley,** a writer economic subjects for the labor and libe press; **Rayford W. Logan,** professor Virginia Union University; **Patri Murphy Malin,** a student at Union Th logical Seminary; **Rufus M. Jones,** d tinguished author and leader of Friends; **David Bryn Jones,** minister Trinity Baptist Church in Minneapolis.

Our poets include **Margaret Widdem Katherine B. Shippen, Babette Deuts Stephen Vincent Benét, Gertrude Loui Cheyney, Louise Driscoll,** and **Arna Bo temps.**

H. C. E.

THE WORLD TOMORROW

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The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. X. July, 1927 No. 7

Editorials

Propaganda Versus Injustice

The extremists have won both in England and in Russia. This is the explanation of the rupture of Anglo-Russian relations. As is well known, there are two contending theories of Soviet foreign policy. The orthodox Bolshevik theory is that the interests of communists and capitalist states are irreconcilable, that the two systems cannot long abide in the same world. One system will crush the other. Therefore, if Bolshevism is to survive in Russia, it must spread to other countries. Otherwise the capitalist governments will unite to destroy it. For this reason, the one Communist government in the world must go to the aid of the proletarians elsewhere and help them to seize control of their respective governments. To this end propaganda and organizational activities are essential.

The other group, headed by Stalin and now in control of the Soviet government, says that the important thing is to make an economic and political success within the Soviet Union. Due to the backward condition of Russia and the devastation and dislocation caused by the war, commercial and financial relations with the outside world are indispensable to the economic recovery of the country. Since it is obvious that agitation against other governments hinders trade and investments, the Soviet Union must abandon propaganda in other lands. Stalin says this has been done. Repeated denials have been made that Soviet officials are carrying on propaganda outside the Union. Bolshevik leaders say that the Soviet government does not control, and is not responsible for the activities of the Third International or Russian private citizens abroad. Theoretically this may be so. Actually, however, it is pure fiction. From the beginning the Russian delegates have dominated the Third International and do so at the present time. The discipline of the Communist party is so rigid and binding that its various members are required to render absolute obedience to party decisions. It is clear, therefore, that Stalin and his group have never really abandoned the orthodox theory of agitation on behalf of world revolution or have lacked power to curb the extremists. The evidence is absolutely conclusive that Communist propaganda is being systematically conducted by Russian citizens throughout the world.

The cleavage within the British Isles can be described in a few words. All save the numerically small extreme left of British labor are strongly opposed to Communist theory and tactics. Most Laborites, Liberals, and the left wing of the Conservatives believe that the wisest policy is to cooperate with the Soviet Union to the degree possible and that the dangers of such cooperation are far less than the perils which will result from ostracizing the Bolsheviks. The right wing of the Conservatives and a few liberals have long advocated a complete break with the Soviet Union, with no political dealings at all so long as the Communist theory of property and government is maintained. This group has won, at least for the moment.

Technically the Diehards have a good case for breaking off relations. The propaganda clauses of the commercial treaty have undoubtedly been violated. Beyond question the Bolsheviks have sought to undermine the British Empire in the Far East and in the Near East. The evidence, however, is equally conclusive that the British government has shown implacable hostility to the Soviet Union and has sought in numerous ways to destroy its influence, if not its very existence. Wherein is Bolshevik hostility to Britain more reprehensible than British antagonism to Bolshevism?

Theoretically the extremists in both countries may have good grounds for their activities. But the practical consequences are likely to be serious if not utterly disastrous. It seems probable that the break will make the task of the moderates much more difficult. There is much talk of encirclement and invasion in Russia these days. In England the influence of the extreme left wing has been increased. Violence is more likely now than before. The failure of the Tories to make any serious effort to remedy the intolerable economic and social conditions within the British Isles and their policy of repressing the trade unions is doing more to

cause a violent revolution than Communist propaganda ever could. Communist agitation against Britain in China and elsewhere will increase rather than diminish. Further misunderstanding and bitterness will be the result. The MacDonald policy with regard to Russia was a far safer and more promising way of handling a baffling and menacing situation. It is a historic fact that revolutions are produced by reactionaries, not by radicals. Oppression and injustice, more than propaganda and agitation, are the cause of social upheavals.

Outlawry Proposals

Four definite proposals as to how war may be outlawed are now before the American people. Professor Shotwell and Professor Chamberlain of Columbia University have collaborated in preparing a draft treaty, the American Peace Award has published a suggested treaty, Professor Francis B. Sayre of Harvard, at the request of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and the American Arbitration Crusade, has drafted a proposed arbitration treaty, and the original Borah resolution is still before the country.

The Shotwell-Chamberlain draft treaty draws heavily upon the Locarno treaties and the Bryan treaties. "The United States of America and specified nation mutually undertake that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other." Each signatory, however, reserves the right of defense against attack and the United States reserves the right to defend other nations on the North and South American continents against attack, under the Monroe doctrine. The signatories commit themselves to the progressive codification of international law and to progressive disarmament. Somewhat detailed processes of conciliation and arbitration are established, including a Permanent Conciliation Commission. Arrangements are made to use the Hague Tribunal or the permanent Court of International Justice. The so-called cooling-off period of the Bryan treaties is retained.

The proposal of the American Peace Award calls for conciliation, arbitration, and judicial decision. The signatories agree "that they will not declare war one upon the other, nor invade the territory of the other, nor commence hostilities nor concentrate their forces" save in defense against aggression. A Conciliation Commission is established. Certain disputes are to be referred to the Hague Tribunal or the Permanent Court of International Justice. If the signatories are unwilling to refer a given question to either of these bodies an Arbitral Tribune is to be created, whose award shall be binding. "Disputes of every nature" are to be settled in one of these ways.

In the Sayre draft treaty the [illegible]ed to," said Micha[illegible] under no circumstances will they res[illegible]d "He loc[illegible] each other." The jurisdiction of the Permanent [illegible] of International Justice is accepted in five specifi[illegible] questions. A Permanent Conciliation Commission [illegible] created. Nothing is said about the right to use fo[illegible] in self-defense.

The three main planks in the Borah proposal a[illegible] an international treaty declaring war to be a cri[illegible] under the law of nations, the codification of int[illegible] national law and the creation of an international co[illegible] with affirmative jurisdiction. This plan does not pr[illegible] vide for conciliation or arbitration, but relies exc[illegible] sively upon juridical action. Many of its leading a[illegible] vocates are hostile to the League of Nations and t[illegible] Permanent Court of International Justice.

In succeeding issues we shall discuss these vario[illegible] proposals in some detail. The outlawry of war, b[illegible] whatsoever means it may be accomplished, is the mo[illegible] practicable and the most significant next step towa[illegible] permanent peace. The least that any one of us c[illegible] do is to familiarize himself or herself thoroughly wi[illegible] these various proposals and be prepared to partic[illegible] pate intelligently in the widespread discussion occ[illegible] sioned by the Briand offer to enter into an outlaw[illegible] agreement with the United States.

Students Crossing Boundaries

One of the important international gatherings [illegible] this summer has just occurred at Lake Mohonk—th[illegible] meeting of the Executive Committee of the World Student Christian Federation. A group of peopl[illegible] drawn from nine countries and four continents is no[illegible] unusual these days, but a group directly representa[illegible] tive of students throughout the world is wort[illegible] comment.

So young that its founders are still among it[illegible] leaders, the World's Student Christian Federation i[illegible] the oldest international student organization. Sinc[illegible] 1895 it has grown steadily until it now affiliates Studen[illegible] Christian Movements of forty-five countries, wit[illegible] branches in three thousand institutions of higher learn[illegible] ing. Its General Committee draws into biennial meet[illegible] ings students and professors from every quarter o[illegible] the studying world and its Executive Committee ca[illegible] do business only when there are representatives fron[illegible] at least three continents. From its beginning it ha[illegible] set itself to be interconfessional, interracial, inter[illegible] national, a student Christian fellowship and an instru[illegible] ment of service to all students irrespective of race[illegible] color, creed or nationality.

There are approximately two million students i[illegible] the world, twice as many today as before the war, [illegible] mighty force for good or evil. If we found a society[illegible] on the religion of Jesus, the Federation will have [illegible] genuine and costly share.

The Two Carpenters

ZONA GALE

MICHAEL stood on the scaffold halfway up the spire of the Church of the Divine Life. The sun was hot, as if its rays were being poured, d Michael's back and shoulders were burning. When oice within cried "Leave her go!" Michael stepped wn, and through the round window into the belfry. he worked, he dropped a nut from the rod that was fastening, and he was obliged to clamber after down the belfry ladder. He reached the platform d recovered the nut as the noon whistles blew. A ath of cool air from the gallery below swept his e. And, the noon whistles having blown, it came Michael that he might as well have a look at the ide of the Church of the Divine Life.

As he pushed open the door of the gallery and went wn to the rail, the coolness and gloom came to meet n. He had noted that the great outer doors stood en all day long, and he had read their placard:

THIS CHURCH IS OPEN
FOR MEDITATION AND PRAYER

that at first he merely looked and listened to be e that no one was stepping about below. The nce assured him, his eyes became used to the gloom. e place was empty.

He sank on a choir bench and faced the nave: the ounding roof, the strange gray pillars rising gravely d then breaking into aerial sport of arches and ints; the flowering of the light at the touch of the ss, the incredible coolness, the profound articulate iet. Michael must have felt these things, because esently he muttered:

"Ain't it the divil?"

He had felt a healthy hunger, but the coolness was grateful that he sat there for half his lunch time.

Just before seven o'clock he reached his home. Lena, wife, had been washing and ironing. The kitchen their third floor tenement was seven times heated, d the smell of soap was stronger than the smell of stew. The two young children were ailing; the by cried, but Max, the little lad, lay on the floor der the window, and spoke only to refuse food. As ichael and Lena ate in a corner of the kitchen, the st sun poured into the room with the heat and smell om a near stack. At last Lena pulled down the dark per shade, and they ate in the airless gloom. Afterrd they went down to the street. They hurried, so to find the tenement steps unoccupied. The steps re already filled, but Lena and the baby sat on the or stone, and Michael and Max sat on the curb.

"Max should have a doctor before long," Lena said.

"Nah," said Michael; "he's nothin' but hot. Doctors ain't for hot. They're for sick."

"Hot *is* sick," Lena said, and rested her head against the door.

They were lucky enough to have a fire escape, and on this they slept. Two stories above and one below the fire-escapes were likewise used as beds. On most of them children cried. The street noises, the street smells were very near. Very far away, between opposing cornices, stars showed.

Once Max spoke.

"Pop," he said, "is it the stars keeps the sky hot in the night?"

"Go sleep," said Michael.

"Then why can't they do it in winter?" asked Max.

"Ain't you been to sleep yet?" Lena demanded.

"Nah," said Max; "I can't swallow my breath good."

The baby woke and cried.

"Ain't it the divil?" Michael thought.

The next day, the heat unabated, at noon Michael watched his chance. This time he had his lunch pail under his folded coat. When the whistles blew he was near the belfry window. He slipped within, and ate his lunch on the choir rail in the gallery. And when he had eaten, he ventured down and walked in the aisles. He had a surprising sense of safety. It seemed to him as if the dim place took no account of his being there. It was all infinitely remote, unaware of him, so that he was as undiscerned as a spider in the fretwork.

ON the wall at the right of the central recess there was a painting. It had been done by a man who believed in the right of labor to its dignity. He had painted a carpenter in work clothes such as he thought they might have worn in Galilee. The man was virile, with a face in which the dignity of having labored was the same as the dignity of, say, spirit. He held a hammer and stood beside gaunt, upright boards, and he looked out on the great stone interior of the Church of the Divine Life as if he had been interrupted at his work.

Michael faced him long.

"I'd like to be on the same job with ye," he thought as he turned away. "How come they to have a picture like that in this place?" he wondered.

That day, in his tenement, two died of heat. That night was intolerable. The tenement hummed like some sinister fermenting thing. The street was awake

—men tramped down the long blocks to the wharves. Their part of the city lay and throbbed like a fevered limb. For a long time Lena cried. Once Michael woke and heard her, and he saw Max sitting with his face between the fire escape bars, as if he were waiting for something. Michael lay looking up at the stars that kept the sky hot.

"And him all alone in that big place," he thought, "with his hammer and his boards. Ain't it the divil—ain't it the divil?"

The next morning they looked into each other's colorless faces, Michael and the woman he had married, and the little boy that they had called to their life. The baby had slept heavily since the afternoon before.

"He should have a doctor, maybe," Lena said. "And Max should have one soon too."

Michael got up from the table and took his dinner pail. Then he counted out ten cents on the oil-cloth.

"When it blows twelve," he said, "you be where I shall tell you. And you bring some victuals for yourself—you and Max and the young 'un. When it blows twelve."

They did as he told them. In two years Lena had not been so far up-town. Max had never been there. But they found their way from the car, and on a street corner waited for half an hour till "it blew twelve." Then, trembling, Lena obeyed her husband's strange injunction and went in at the great front entrance to the Church of the Divine Life.

At the foot of the gallery stairs Michael, with his dinner pail, was waiting for them, and he stumbled before them, in nervous haste now that they were entered upon the adventure. He went back to his choir bench in the gallery and sat down on its cushion.

"Now!" he said, and waved his hand, as if on new rights.

Lena, holding the sleeping baby, looked about her, wiping her face. "My God," she said, "feel the cool."

Max pressed his face between the bars of the choir rail.

"Pop," he said, "is this what it is when it's the park?"

"S-h-h! It's a church to God," said Lena.

"God that goes to our Sunday school?" said Max.

"I s'pose so," said Lena. "Ain't it, Michael?"

They ate, sitting before the great organ, Lena's lunch box on the organ bench. The coolness folded them like a new way of vesture. When they had gathered up the fragments, Michael beckoned Lena with his head.

"I show you something," he promised.

Down in the aisle Lena was afraid, and Max kept close to them. But Michael marshaled them before the picture on the wall, and standing before the carpenter he waved his hand again.

"There's something you're used to," said Michael.

"I know him—I know him!" Max cried. "He look like . . . ." But he could not remember.

Lena, with her baby on her breast, looked long at the picture of the workman.

"Michael," she said, "whoever he is, you kind make me think of him, with the hammer and all."

"Do you s'pose that's meant for Christ?" sa Michael suddenly.

"Oh, not here—in them clothes," Lena answere

"I know him. . . ." Max persisted, but he cou not tell who he was.

"Now then," said Michael, "the whistle goes for blow. Go back by the gallery and rest you. Rest yo till I come back at six."

"But they'll come and shove us out," Lena gaspe

"Nah," said Michael, "but you'll have to pray. stands so by the door—you should come in and pra You should pray, and then you can stay in here i the cool. It stands so by the door."

He left them in the gallery. Through the lon afternoon Lena nursed the child and laid him aslee on the choir bench cushion, and herself slept at h feet; and Max rolled on the floor and dreamed up a the flowery windows.

At six Michael came hurrying in. His face wa dripping. It had been a day like an open oven—the had died in the streets, in the hospitals. . . .

Lena stood up to go, and suddenly she buried he face in her hands.

"I'd rather die," she said, "than have nother nigh like we've had 'em! I'd rather die than go back ther and take the baby back there. . . ."

Michael looked down at the long nave and th shadowy transept. A thousand might have encampe in the place. Their whole street might have foun refuge there.

"Lena," he said breathlessly, "do you dast to leav 'em lock us in? Do you dast to stay here tonight?"

In a little while the verger shuffled through th aisles, and peered into the pews, and thrust his hea in for a look at the gallery, and departed without see ing the little family. They heard his key turn. The they ate from the food that they had left and presently in the divine cool darkness, they stretched on th cushions of the choir benches and fell into quiet sleep

It was toward ten o'clock when the organist of th Church of the Divine Life let himself in the churc with his own key. He was in town for a few hours and he had brought with him a lover of his music t hear the organ that he loved.

They switched on the electric light and mounte the gallery stair.

". . . a great church property," the organist wa saying. "Two million, I believe, and not taxable. Ou organ represents one hundred and fifty thousand . . .

Michael and Lena sat up and stared into the men's
es. The children did not wake.
'What under the heavens . . ." said the organist.
Michael, in his carpenter's clothes, stood up before
m.
'My wife and my children and I," he said, "we die
h the heat. Our tenement is rotten with heat. The
y—Max—Lena, we could not live. I tell you we
ld not live. I work on the spire of this church. I
ve brought them here to sleep . . . we don't touch
hing. We sleep like the dead. We don't touch
hing."

The three men looked in one another's faces.

"What am I to do?" said the organist. "Of course if anything should happen to the church property . . ."

"Leave them here," said the other man, "in the name of God."

So Lena and Michael sat for a time hearing the new organ, while the children slept to the music. Then the two men went away, guilty of an unfaith in the eye of the law. And they left the church property with Lena and Michael and the other man in the workman's clothes there on the wall of the Church of Divine Life.

Whose Vacation Are You Taking?

LOUIS S. STANLEY

CONSIDER for a moment a typical vacationist. You are a clean-shirted, starch-collared worker, if man, or addicted to tailored clothes, if man. You pound a standard key-board, count long s of worm-like figures, rearrange men and mate-ls into profits, pull teeth, tap diaphragms, and refill ır fountain pen. You go off for two weeks to rough ıt a well-ordered camp, splash in the surf or fatten an old-fashioned country resort. Forty dollars per ek, eighty in all. Twenty more for fare and other ɔenses. A hundred at a moderate estimate. Expen-e enough to drive away all office cares, certainly dull any desire for fundamental analysis.

What really happens? You expend, say, two weeks' ary. Yours, it is true, but in substance the equiva-t of a certain proportion of the national income. oduction does not cease while you are vacationing. fact, it cannot under the circumstances. The wealth u spend, the time you take out must be made up nehow. The wheels of industry must be speeded to recoup the loss. A little extra energy, a few more nmodities to make possible your well-earned rest.

At the bottom it is the industrial worker who must kept at home to free you. As industry is organized present, we proceed on the hypothesis that not every-dy can take vacations; therefore it is only a question selecting the lucky ones, who justice and wisdom in-rm us are those who already know how to enjoy sure. It reminds one of the old wages fund theory. nere is a certain amount of money that can be used r wages; therefore, if workers insist upon being pro-c, they must share the sum available for their dis-sal as best they can and blame no one but their idos. Similarly, in the matter under discussion. ne total leisure time is limited, a sort of vacation nd, you know. There is not enough to go around. ence, give it to those who will appreciate it.

THERE is this thought, too, that lurks in back of people's minds, when they justify their vacations. Professionals, office workers, executives are a superior lot. Their work is clean, respectable, more than these even, it is *mental* exertion. Muscular tasks are inferior to those of the brain. The world would not function without intellect. Consequently, there must be some recognition of the cranium's invaluable services. Manual labor must pay the price for being directed into a livelihood. The wage-earner should gratefully contribute his quota of labor to liberate the intellectuals, the professionals, the clericals for a brief period each year. Did not the medieval serf work half a week for his lord? Did not the ancient slave plod for his master? The distinguishing characteristic of the noble of the middle ages or the patrician of antiquity was his leisure. He prided himself upon thus being able to cultivate the better things of life, whether military prowess and chivalrous nicety, on the one hand, or athletic excellence and philosophic acumen, on the other. We are not so far removed from the American Civil War to forget altogether the justifications of Negro slavery on the ground of releasing the southern gentility for refined, civilized pursuits. Thus, the idea is deeply ingrained in many vacationists below the level of consciousness that the industrial worker owes them their vacations. It is the wage-earner's sacrifice for cultural progress, duly noted, fully appreciated and fitting in the order of things. An aristocracy built upon slavery.

IT is not altogether civilization that exacts such a demand, runs the argument. It is also bad nerves. How can one toil in an office all year round and dodge the sanitarium? How can one teach nerve-racking pupils, relieved only by the breaks of the Easter and Christmas holidays, without becoming nerve-racked oneself? Mental work is a strain. To be carried on

efficiently it must be punctuated by rest periods. The factory worker has no delicate constitution, for all those "troubled" that way have been sensitive and sensible enough to have entered the two-weeks-per-year leisure class. Besides, nerves do not count in industry proper. It is muscle and routinized, time-set movements that are important. Consequently, it is only natural that the wage-earners should continue those robot motions of theirs, that happily are not conducive to neurasthenia, and enable the brain-worker to go on with his nerve-exacting tasks. This is not even a sacrifice for the wage-earner. It is a proper division of labor.

Then, of course, there is the question of social position. It has been pointed out upon numerous occasions that leisure is the mark of an upper social stratum. It conveys the sense of power, this control of the products of social effort without effort of one's own. More than that, it is power, power over the labor of other men and women. To obtain leisure, then, is to be one with the dominant social class. Such is the genteel worker's aspiration. It is his bond of wedlock to wealth. Consciously or unconsciously, therefore, he is antagonistic to the extension of free time to wage-earners. Vacations for all are destructive of a superior social position.

THE enormity of the bill that society must foot to provide vacations for non-manual workers is hard to realize. Perhaps no measure can be taken, certainly no accurate one. There are intricate calculations to be made. A good deal depends upon our system of economics. Laying ourselves open to the charge of loose thinking, we should like to bring forward just a few items for consideration. Every year American vacationists abroad—admittedly most are not wage-earners returned home to gloat over their former towns-folk—spend a half billion dollars. In simple economic terms, that means the equivalent of so much of the national income per annum or that amount of the year's production of worldly goods. If we concede that the average wage rate is fifty cents per hour —and it is less than that—a half billion dollars represents one billion hours of labor. Distribute this working time among the seven to eight million industrial workers in this country who receive no vacations at all, and the quota of every such person is between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and forty-three hours per annum. That means that the expenditures of American tourists are equivalent to two or three weeks of working-time for every worker in this country. Orthodox economic theory may come to the rescue and point out that the entrepreneurs, the landlords, the bankers, the travellers themselves have contributed their due share to the total handed over to glib guides and galling restaurateurs. The fact remains that in terms of vacationless worker's time tourists take two or three weeks from every worker in this country.

FALSE reasoning, you exclaim. He who vacati is refreshed in body and mind and makes up in creased productivity what he spends in loafing. The fore, the vacationist is taking away nobody's vacati From an absolute stand-point this is probably true and large. Relatively speaking, however, there is other story to tell. The ratio of working days, tainly of working hours, that the manual worker m be ready for duty as compared with the professio and other non-manual worker favors the latter. T longer the vacation periods the larger the relat amount of work that must be undergone by those w remain in the shops. From this point of view, the creased productivity must come from the stay-at-hom

But whatever value exists in this defense of the p ple of leisure applies with equal force to the othe Certainly wage-earners can also earn their vacatic by increasing their capacities for work. Just as t dilemma of the wages fund theory disappears throu improvements in the technique of production, so t leisure fun doctrine collapses before increased prod tivity and technological progress. It is not necessa to deprive any group of its present vacation privileg It is only imperative to make existing practi universal.

That employers have found this economically sou is attested in many experiments here and abroad. P haps one million industrial workers in the United Stat enjoy vacations today. Most of the advance in th direction has been made since the World War. It h been found to minimize leaves of absence, "Fren leave" and sheer unemployment. A vacation, it mu be remembered, is no vacation unless it is paid fo

IT should be emphasized that the granting of annu holidays to industrial workers with pay does n militate against the interests of those who are blesse already. It is not necessary to abscond with anybody vacation. The increased productivity of rested wag earners will pay for the cost of their sprees. The o ject is rather to raise the dispossessed to the standar of the others.

We are prone to scold the employer for not grantin his workers vacations and his employees for not d manding them. Those are, to be sure, genuine aspect of the situation. What we are concerned about at th present writing, however, is the apathy of those wh already receive vacations. Their smugness spring from a sense of vested interests at stake, a neglect o the economic factor and, in spite of stray professions o liberalism, a secret and often unsuspected convictio that industrial workers do not deserve vacations o would waste the privilege if they had it. Therefor the question "whose vacation are you taking?" is mor than rhetorical. It is a challenge to the white-colla worker to come to the aid of his brother wage-earne

Confessions of an Unwilling Nordic

RAYFORD W. LOGAN

NEGROES can attain only to a fixed level of education, acquire only a limited amount of wealth, travel only in certain degrees of latitude and gitude. If an individual is found out of these circscribed milieux, he is not a Negro. He is an East an or a Brazilian, a Senegalese or a Tahitian, but a Negro, and most certainly not an American gro.

he following stories will strain the credulity of the lers of THE WORLD TOMORROW who, of course, e no preconceived ideas concerning Negroes. Reber, however, that an American Negro is the nor, and that while he can imitate, he can not ate. (See Lothrop Stoddard, Madison Grant, erial Wizard Evans, and other authorities.)

When I say that I am a Negro, I mean one of those should not be able to "pass." Otherwise, there ld be no point to this tale. My hair is what French ple call *frisés;* my color, yellow. My features be- my African ancestry. In a southern city my ther, who can pass for a Nordic, was afraid to let accompany him into a white restaurant. But it ns that I do not conform to some arbitrary conion of a Negro's speech, behavior, and dress. rough no fault of my own I have acquired an eduon superior to that of many of my lords and mas-. I am a graduate of an old New England college o, it is not Amherst—which prides itself on the ber of high government officials, men of letters, in the earlier days, soldiers of Christ that it has tributed to society. By osmosis, perhaps, I imed some of the learning and culture of this institu-. As a result I have found myself in some very using, embarrassing, and edifying predicaments.

was one of my favorite professors who first suggested what a dangerous anomaly I had become. the close of a conversation concerning my future, concluded:—

"Upon whatever career you embark, always be pared."

"Why—," I looked at my hands and felt my hair. Why, that should not be very difficult," I concluded h a puzzled laugh.

But it was. I had the first proof of my professor's spicacity a few days after our conversation. While the way to Washington to spend the Easter holis of 1917, I left the train at North Philadelphia order to stretch my legs. Upon returning, I found enormous white man occupying most of the seat. With some diffidence I squeezed in beside him and pretended to sleep.

My fellow-traveler probably felt that there was no use to occupy the same seat unless you are going to talk. He interrupted my feigned slumbers by asking the name of some stream that we were passing. He appeared so totally ignorant of the geography of the section that I queried:—

"Is this your first trip South?"

"No, this is my first trip North."

I eased off a little in my corner.

"My home is in Waco, Texas,"—I looked around for another seat—"I have just been up to the Quaker City on business."

"Is that so? I have a classmate from Waco, a fine chap,—."

"You don't say. I know his people well. I believe that his daddy is my wife's cousin. Say, he sure showed those folks up North how to play baseball, didn't he? . . . But it takes a lot of money to go there."

I did not deem it necessary to inform my corpulent friend that a scholarship made it possible for me to attend this ultra-exclusive school. By this time I was convinced that he had no idea that, perhaps for the first time in his life, he was riding with a colored man. I decided to sound him on the one subject about which I knew he could talk most fluently and authoritatively. Without too much abruptness I turned our conversation to lynching.

"We students of sociology are very much interested in this matter of lynching. Above all, we are trying to arrive at the reasons."

"Rape. All a 'nigger' "—I needed no further proof of his blissful ignorance—"thinks about is white women."

"But we up North are told that rape is responsible for only a comparatively small number of lynchings. I have read of one case in which the alleged cause was an argument about a mule."

"Hum. . . .('Alleged' seemed to be giving him some difficulty.) Maybe so. But you folks don't know 'niggers' as we do. All you know is what you read about 'em. I don't approve of lynching myself as a general rule, but I tell you we have to lynch one every now and then to keep 'em in their place. If we didn't they'd get so uppity that we couldn't handle them."

"I see. They must be making some progress then."

"Progress!" he snorted. "How can a darky make any progress? The curse of Ham is upon him. A 'nigger' won't never be nothing but a 'nigger.' And

the worst ones is them that's got white blood in 'em. (I was tempted to ask how they got it, but remembered in time that that was irrelevant.) The only 'niggers' that's ever amounted to anything is them that's got nothing but black blood. The only great 'darky' was Booker T. Washington, and he was coal black. *He* didn't have any highfalutin' ideas about sending a 'coon' to college."

"That hardly tallies with the opinion of our professor of American literature. He has frequently told us that one of the greatest stylists in America is Dr. Du Bois, who, as you know, is almost white."

"Of course. That's due to the white blood in him."

This illuminating inconsistency inspired me to further questioning.

"What about voting? Do Negroes vote in Texas?"

"That depends. I make the 'niggers' on my farm vote for prohibition. When a 'darky' gets drunk, he don't want to work. When option is up, I line 'em up, march 'em to the polls and see that every damn one of 'em votes against liquor. But that is the only time I allow my 'niggers' to vote."

Deciding that I had learned enough and that I had listened at sufficient length to his insulting terms, I drifted off into the causes of the World War. We agreed that in the last analysis the conflict was a result of contending nationalities. This led my entertaining traveler to remark about the complexity of races in America. He himself had the blood of four or five peoples in his veins. Foreseeing his question, I tried to avert it by concocting a story of an American boy whose English mother, born in India, had married in Turkey his French father, born in Martinique. This tickled him, but could not divert his thought.

"And what was the nationality of your ancestors?" For a moment I remembered my professor's admonition. But since we had not yet reached Baltimore and since there were still no other seats in the train, I quibbled.

"My case is almost as bad. My first name is German, my middle name, my mother's, is one of the oldest in England, and my last seems to be a favorite among the Irish saloon-keepers along Washington Street in Boston."

He chuckled until the window rattled. Then we chatted about less dangerous things almost into Washington. As the train was pulling into Union Station, he gave me his card, told me that he was staying at the —— Hotel with his cousin, the Representative from some district in Texas, and invited me to call to see him. I have often wondered whether he ever found from my classmate the identity of his inquisitive companion.

My next similar experience had for its setting the American hospital at Mailly, France. Probably no other colored officer had preceded me there, because this was in the early days of July, 1918. After t regulation bath, I found myself in a private roo with a white orderly attending me. From the begi ning, I realized that he never suspected that I w colored. Had he done so, the initial shock wou have prevailed over his obligation to serve his s perior. We Negroes have learned to look for th forced laugh, spontaneous irritation, or speechle amazement which many white men can not hide wh they unexpectedly find themselves in the presence their ubiquitous pest. Without an inquiring glanc my orderly set to work arranging my clothes, as ing about my needs, giving me such information would be helpful. I avoided conversation as muc as possible, for I knew the only two subjects abo which he was likely to talk:—women and Negroes.

But he evidently thought it a part of his duties t help me beguile the time. One afternoon when h came to get the dishes, he asked to what regiment had belonged. I told him, adding that it was a colore regiment. Instead of staring at me quizzically as had expected, he ejaculated:—

"Damn. Weren't you afraid of 'em? They sa that them 'niggers' can fight like hell, but I wouldn want to be with 'em. Didn't they ever try to bump yo off?"

"Bump me off? What for?"

"Just 'cause you're white. I've heard it said that white officer dassn't go in front of 'em up there a the front less the 'darkees' shoot 'em down from b hind."

"But what do they want to kill them for? I don know any who have been killed in our outfit."

"You're darned lucky then. Maybe you know ho to treat them, but lemme tell you, I wouldn't want t be with 'em for all the *vin rouge* in France.— I gues they can guzzle plenty of cognyac, can't they?"

"No. Our soldiers are the same as any others."

"Well, they ain't got no chance if they ever com around here. We done told these frogs not to le one light in a cafe, and if we ever ketch a woman wit one of 'em, we'll run her out of town. Why, thes bloody idiots believe they've got tails like monkeys.'

A call from another patient prevented him fro continuing his revelations.

By this time I had decided never to disillusion an one who unbosomed himself to me so confidentially At first I had wanted to "bawl out" the soldier for th use of words that are anathema to any self-respectin Negro. But the information obtained was well wort the price of my silence.

MY most bewildering situation confronted me a Camp Pontanezen near Brest. To this day do not know how the blunder occurred. I suppose however, that the colonel commanding the casual

rely glanced at my record, found that I had con-
erable court-martial experience, spoke German and
ench fluently, and had a record at my previous camp
"excellent." It probably never dawned upon him
t I was not white. Whatever may be the explana-
n, I was assigned to duty with a new convoy that
d just come over from America to join the Army
Occupation in Germany.

I expected the order to be rescinded as soon as I re-
rted to duty. But the commanding officer undoubt-
y concluded that since I was attached to a white
tfit I must be white. The situation became truly
uant the following day when the company com-
nder called me to give these instructions:—

"Mr. ——, I am leaving for Paris at once. You will
ve complete charge of the company during my ab-
nce."

And so I am perhaps the only colored officer who
ually commanded a white company in the A. E. F.
r a week white shave-tails, non-coms and "bucks"
eyed my orders with an alacrity that stupefied me.
no time did any one seem to suspect that an un-
itten law of the American Army was being merrily
mpled under foot.

On the appointed day we prepared to entrain for
renbreitstein. One white orderly was busy shining
shoes. Another was packing my bedding roll. In
e midst of all this stir and confusion the captain came
from Paris and at the same time arrived orders
om headquarters relieving me from duty with the
giment. The captain expressed sincere regret that
could not accompany them. I have never known
ether the order was due to my being colored or a
sual.

Some time afterwards I met the same captain while
was on leave in Paris. As soon as he saw me, he
shed up and kissed me on both cheeks.

"I certainly am sorry that they left you behind.
hat would have been a rich joke to have had a
lored officer in a white outfit up in Germany. I swear
believe that I was the only one who knew the truth
d I didn't care a rap."

Thus, the one person who apparently recognized the
lored gentleman in the corded wood appreciated the
ke too much to betray him.

AFTER the war I decided to remain in France, where I would not, as I thought, run the risk of miliating experiences. But I counted without the ousands of Americans who were roaming over rope during those halcyon days when the German d Polish mark, the Austrian crown and the French anc were cascading toward zero.

One day in Vienna a woman, after eying me rather ently, approached and said in German:—

"You have your Key?"

When she had verified in most minute detail my Phi Beta Kappa key, she informed me that her husband had been professor of German Literature at —— University before the war. Without giving me an opportunity to express my delight at meeting a compatriot in such a distant land, she continued:—

"Of course, I left America with my husband, who is a German. We are already planning to return—this was in 1921—since the feeling against us is rapidly declining. And we have no bitterness against you Americans. You were fooled into the war. The only thing that we can not forgive is your using 'niggers' against us. It was bad enough for the Frenchmen to use Africans, but to send 'darkies' from America, that was a crime against civilization. And for Woodrow Wilson to have committed such a folly! It was all right to use them as stevedores perhaps, but to have them kill white men! It is a wonder that they did not revolt when they returned to America.

"And ever since the war, Vienna has been flooded with them. We are hardly able to live from hand to mouth while these jazz band players strut around in fur coats and diamonds. I even saw one the other day driving an automobile. . . . It is positively disgusting the way the kids have gone crazy over them. You can see twenty or more following one every time he goes out in the street. And worst of all I have seen women dancing with them. It makes my blood run cold. We ought to form a society here to teach the 'darkies' that they have no more rights than in America. *I* am going back to America, where they know how to behave themselves."

NATURALLY, the richest yarn comes last. If it does not rank with Baron Muenchhausen's best, I'm a prevaricator.

The stock exchange panic of April, 1920, found me "long" on dollars. The blow was such a severe one that my physician ordered me to Dax to take a rest cure. And so I went down to that delightful town on the Adour, as renowned for the stentorian voice of the train announcer as for the celebrities who come to take the baths in order to rid themselves of their real or fancied pains. Among the persons in the first class dining room were Mme. Poincaré and M. and Mme. Fallières. As far as I could judge there were no Americans. I felt free therefore to mingle with the guests, most of whom spoke French or German. I enjoyed the theatre, the mock bull fight, came down to dinner every evening in Tuxedo, as did the other guests, had a bank telephone me the quotations from the Bourse, played bridge and billiards.

One evening as I was knocking the balls around waiting for dinner, a woman walked in.

"Would Madame like to play?" I inquired in French.

"Why, yes. I think that we have time for a short game, say twenty-five points."

The accent was not pure, but at that time my ear was not attuned sufficiently to distinguish the nationality of the person speaking. We had a rather exciting game, interspersing our shots with jokes about our ailments. The *Maître d'hôtel* announced dinner just as the last point was scored.

I laid aside my cue and stepped back with my most perfect European bow in order to allow my charming opponent to pass. But she had to satisfy her curiosity.

"Pardon me, but is the gentleman Polish?"

"Why, no, Madame, I am an American."

"You American? Whoever saw an American who looked like you? Besides," she changed suddenly to English, "you can't fool me. You may be able to fool these Europeans, but we Americans can recognize one another anywhere. Come now, there is no use in continuing your incognito. We all know that you are a Polish prince."

When I had recovered, I blurted:—

"Since you are an American, you will certainly recognize an American Negro."

She nearly screamed with delight.

"You a 'nigger'! A 'nigger' here in Dax, staying at this hotel, speaking French better than I can, eating in the first class dining room while I eat in the second! That is the cleverest disguise I have ever heard in my life. A Polish prince passing for a 'nigger.' That is *too* funny."

ONCE, however, I had to establish my real identity in order to escape too tangible evidence of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." Brest was likewise the scene of this episode. It came about in this way.

On July 4, 1919, an American officer, temporarily a victim of *eau-de-vie,* cognac and Pommery, threw a French flag from the window of a restaurant down into the *Rue de Siam.* "Old Gimlet Eye" had a harder time preventing a pitched battle between the French and Americans than he ever had chasing Chinese or bull-dozing Haitians. The feelings of the French, of course, remained extremely bitter.

As I was returning to camp one night shortly after this unfortunate incident, I passed four French sailors on the dimly lighted road. Without a word of warning one of them initiated me into the taste of Brittany mire. Fortunately, all four tried at the same time to pommel me. They made no effort to rob me. Their one desire seemed to be to commit assault and battery with the greatest degree of efficiency and thoroughness, and to use all possible variations of "*sale Américain,*" "*sacré Américain,*" and others that I hope I misunderstood.

The effectiveness of their blows and the repetiti of their oaths finally reminded me that I was not American, but only a Negro. I told them so. I a pealed to their friendship for Negroes. A punch the nose and a jab to the ribs punctuated my stateme and my appeal. Then, as one fist sought an unbruis spot on my face, I grabbed it and rubbed it over i hair.

"*Tiens,* he *is* colored. His hair is *frisés*. . . . *Mi pardons, mon ami.*. We thought you were white."

Their apologies were profuse; their dismay touc ing. They escorted me back to camp singing "I Madelon."

I AM opposed to segregation in any form. I a likewise opposed to class legislation of any descri tion. But if Heflin or Blease succeeded in havi passed a law requiring all anomalous Negroes to we on their exterior garments and on the windshield their automobile a sign, "colored," I should comp most willingly.

A Black Man Talks of Reaping

I HAVE sown beside all waters in my day.
I planted deep, within my heart the fear
That wind or fowl would take the grain away,
I planted safe against this stark lean year.

I scattered seed enough to plant the land
In rows from Canada to Mexico,
But for my reaping only what the hand
Can hold at once is all that I can show.

Yet what I've sown and what the orchard yields
My brother's sons are gathering stalk and root.
Small wonder then my children glean in fields
They have not sown and feed on bitter fruit.

ARNA BONTEMPS

People

ALL people are made alike.
They are made of bones, flesh and dinners.
Only the dinners are different.

GERTRUDE LOUISE CHEYNEY *(aged 8)*

Nature and the Radical

DEVERE ALLEN

I HAVE often noted an apparent monopoly on nature lore by the apostles of social reaction. I know of radicals who can work up enthusiasm er the more obvious loveliness of sky and sea, and few who have followed as a specialty one branch nature study. In spite of a wide acquaintance nong them, however, I know of only two real nat-alists,—bona fide if but amateur. Yet the woods social conservatism are full of nature experts.

Roosevelt, the gentle lover of song birds, the con-rvationist, the scientific field student (despite his nting days), sums up within his preachments on pub- affairs American militarism at its swashbuckling orst. Ernest Thompson Seton's delightful tales of e outdoors exhibit an admiration for the military rtues. Audubon himself, great soul though he was, lieved, as all men then did not, in the punishment simple misdemeanors by stern severity. William Hornaday, famous zoölogist, is for reduction of the g limit on wild fowl, though during the hysterical d raids of the post-War period, he wrote onslaughts gainst all hues of dissenters, and the more of them he gged the better. A governor of one of our eastern ates has become noted for his kindness to animals, t sternly opposes legislation in the interest of fac-ry workers. Madison Grant, fearful of the passing the "great race" of Nordics if the colored races t a chance to rise too fast, is none the less an anxious ardian of our natural bird refuges. One of the offi-rs in the New York Aquarium, finding that some ys had stoned goldfish in Battery Park pools, called udly for immediate jailing, saddened, apparently, by r inability to exterminate the species altogether.

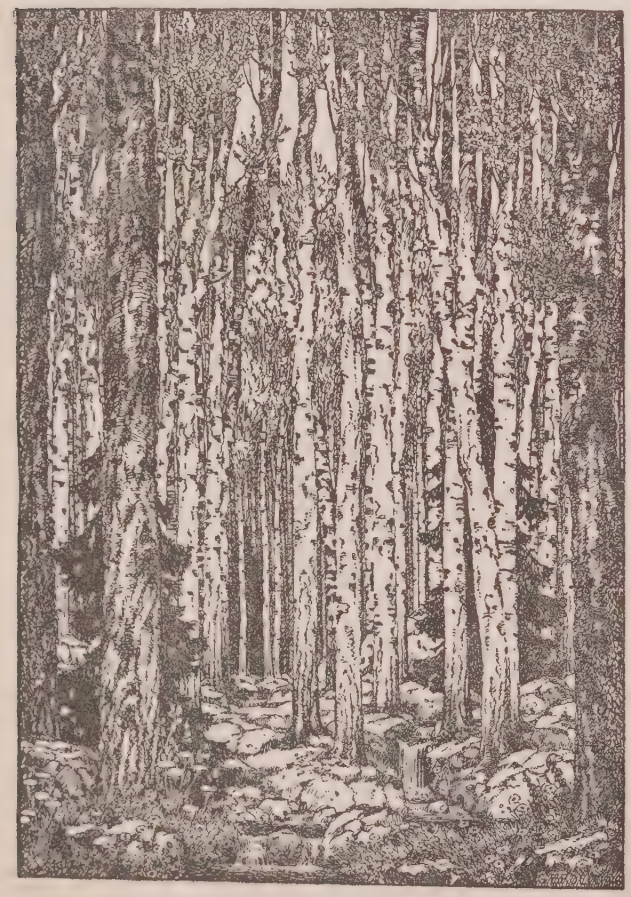
I refuse to believe this seeming affinity to be genuine. he alliance between nature and social atavism, de-ite the accusation that nature is "red in tooth and aw," is in my opinion entirely fortuitous. Rather it the result of a neglect of nature by radicals, rough the progressive urbanization of their thought -a consequence of their alignment with the cause of dustrial labor—and their frequent feeling that in-lgence in a love for nature's beauty, unlike that of e arts of men, is an unimportant waste of time. The ss to their work for favorite causes, and what they e missing as individuals for not knowing nature in-nately, is in my judgment neither slight nor pru-ntly dispensed with.

I can sympathize better with the open sceptics who ve revolted against the lily-painting indulged in by me professional press agents for natural wonders and the continual emphasis on luxury by the Condé Nast school of beauty ballyhooers. A great deal of nature writing, too, is charged with a dishonest senti-mentality. Truth is, the wilds abound as much as civilization, almost, in violence, waste, and duplicity. The female praying mantis sometimes devours her mate if his attentions become too bothersome; certain European ants conduct slave raids on neighboring col-onies; and the cuckoo in Europe and here the cowbird escape the responsibilities of rearing their offspring by laying their eggs in the nests of other species, where their own young soon push out the rightful occupants. But man, for that matter, often kills in numberless masses members of his own species for reasons as senseless, if not as trivial, as those of the amazon-like mantis. *Homo sapiens* has just liberated in India some thousands of the remaining slaves of his boasted civili-zation, and there are not a few left yet. And how little right has he, with his parasitic groups flourish-ing as rarely before, to quarrel with the cowbird as she sneaks silently through the undergrowth in search of warblers' nests. One of the species of silverfishes, less common than those seen around worn books, gets its living, it is said, by stealing liquid food from ants, as they are passing it from one to another; but were not radicals engaged, a while ago, in pointing out the economic waste of middlemen? No, there is on occa-sion for radicals to scoff at the less scrutinizable ways of nature, for if they can tolerate at all their own genus, and actually believe it can be bettered, let them approach the other genera at least as openmindedly!

ONE by-product of the search for nature knowledge is health, not minor among the radical's needs; and health both physical and mental. Fifteen miles among the birds, the flowers, the trees, the fungi, the rocks, and—yes!—the insects, combines active muscular effort with mental stimulation as can almost nothing else. On such a ramble it is possible to acquire, if one but will, considerable understanding of a few wild things, at any rate, yet with a chance for pauses to allow oneself creative speculation. Without that sky-roofed med-itation, steam-heated minds are likely to be driven by increasing multitudes of small considerations. Rare is the person who cannot set his mind at liberty and permit it a bit of roaming, when the trail has been for-saken for unknown rough going, when the sun is out to tell the way in general, and when, since there is no destination in particular, there is no need for hurry. A waste of time? Not that, whatever else! Few in

our day are those who use up too much time in calm, unhastened thought.

Part of the task of life is the casting off of fears. From early childhood, unbidden guests indeed, they eat deeper and deeper into the fabric of men's spirits. We can never eliminate them all, but more often than we realize they come to us in the early association with the natural environment. When we know that bats do not get tangled in children's hair, but instead are able to fly blindfolded through networks of strings without touching a single one; when as children we are assured that hoop-snakes are mythical, that the common flatheaded adder's threatening poise is all a frightened bluff, and that the northern watersnake feared by our youthful swimmers is non-poisonous; when these and a hundred other fears that follow boys and girls are thus removed, by that much, anyway, are they and the adults they will some day be, made sounder for the work they have to do. And as one who has malevolently exhibited a modest degree of knowledge in the presence of tenderfeet, I can never be convinced that most grown-ups, for that matter, are not haunted by ridiculous terrors of the woods and their inhabitants.



—*From "Kunst und Leben"*

A short vacation with his eyes wide open, or, if he cannot get one, brief studies in a few square feet of park or backyard, will surprise the new adventurer with its educative values. One New Yorker, with a tiny backyard, identified nearly nine hundred insects out of the sixteen thousand or so species known to exist about that region.

NO professional knowledge of nature is required to see how extraordinarily everything in that world is involved in the destiny of nearly everything else. The very balance between plant life, giving off its oxygen, and animal life, exhaling its carbon dioxide, underlies the whole of existence. There are enmities in nature, as there are many most curious friendships. But the unbridged gaps are few indeed, considering life in broadest, non-professional terms. The red clover exists because of the bumblebee; and the yucca because of a certain night-flying moth which pollenizes it. There is cruelty in the wilds, as in the occasional needless slaughter by the loggerhead shrike; though even here, we cannot certify to motives. But assuredly in nature there is little or no hunting simply for the sake of sport. The oneness of wild life, despite its predatory aspects, should only serve to quicken in man as he observes it the cooperative mind. Says Benjamin Kidd:

> In the midst of this world of beauty thus is nature red with rapine. Yet would it be the profoundest of mistakes to endeavor to read the emotions appropriate to a different plane of being into these incidents of the universal stress of nature. For to this stress the whole of this glowing world of fitness and potency is undoubtedly allied. It is the product, born of it and in it. To suspend the stress might indeed be to take from life something of the sting of its pain. But it would certainly also be to take from it that constituent of its deepest pleasures which passeth understanding—the joy of a world of fitness functioning in achievement. Even to humanize the stress is not to suspend it. Far otherwise. The secret of ripening humanity is indeed nothing else than the secret of this higher fitness; the fitness of apparent failure; to be able not only to succeed consummately but to fail infinitely for others.

The radical is poor, or lives but cheaply when he need not. In a world like ours today, he sees that simple living is sound economics and sound ethics also. But what are his substitute satisfactions for the luxuries which others seem to crave? Are any better and more ever-present than the delights of fellowship with the living things which are never absent from one's neighborhood? An understanding of nature's world costs little in money; the price of one moderate theatre ticket will buy the best all-around handbook of ornithology. And if that, even, be beyond his reach, let him know, as Thoreau discovered:

> The shadows of poverty and meanness gather round us,

'and lo! creation widens to our view." We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest.

aced with a lifetime usually to be spent with the inority, obliged to see his high hopes for humanity asted by cynical, self-centered opportunists time after ne, the radical needs his victories, even though they but small ones for the moment. And if he cant shape the world to his vision, he may pull out of in air at any time a botanical or entomological dis-very of importance. Many of the greatest "finds" astronomy have been made by amateurs; and it possible within one lifetime of spare moments to ntribute joyously to general knowledge and your own rmal need of present tangible accomplishment.

LIVE on the bank of what was probably a glacial river, made as the grinding mass disintegrated. even hundred feet away is a little stream which is l that is left of that once boiling torrent. No large veep of the imagination is demanded to live briefly that period, some 30,000 years ago, whose marks e left on the very rocks beneath my feet. It is not ie intoxication which need cause alarm to Mr. Volead that has made me see in the shadows of the coniers the shaggy mastodon, and overhead the swiftlyinging flocks of Labrador ducks and passenger geons, which my common-sense still tells me are exnct. But when I emerge from the temporary trance sense more vividly, I think, the true perspective on ankind in this thin tick of time, looking back upon a ygone hour and ahead to days that stretch beyond ie limits of finite comprehension. At such a thought ie need not be depressed; for as the sun goes down e casts a longer shadow on the grass. And by the me the stars come out and the constellations wheel their great arcs through the heavens, there is no ecessary minimizing of the human spirit in the face f Antares' ruddy young disc, larger across by a hunred million miles than the eccentric orbit of Mars; or in the vastness sprinkled with fallaciously small oints that stand out luminous against illimitable disances. The ego may suspend its functions for a time, nd the tender-minded may falter for a second at their wn appalling smallness. But when men rise from a nastening reach of mind across the ages, and fling iemselves once more into the fight for the onward evelopment of this little race of men, they fight with ie difference between sentiment and faith, between npatience and determination, between the cry of self and the call of humanity—and something infinitely more beyond it.

BUT most of all, I think, is nature beautiful. To state it quite so simply carries danger; for there are those who use the word too lightly, who do not bleed from beauty's deepest wounds. Said Keats:

> Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
> Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
> Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
> Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
> From our dark spirits.

Yet beauty is not merely healing. It stabs us wide awake by fearful contrasts. You would have to seek long in the wilderness to match the ugliness of man's industrial villages, or even his high-flown architecture of the eighteen seventies. The skin of the snake, a reptile unjustly disliked by many, can hardly be excelled for sheer charm of design; and the drabbest moth, under a lens, becomes a creature to be wondered at. We need not apostrophize quite so excessively as did Joyce Kilmer in his famous lines about a tree; and yet we need not view creation as cynically as the typesetter who achieved this rendering of them in a Southern paper:

> Poems are made by fools like me,
> But God can only make a tree.

We condemn modern society at so many points because it is unjust, because it is immoral, because it is unloving, or perhaps on other grounds. But underneath all these rebellions is the revolt against its ugliness. The sleek, lithe otter dragging a waterfowl beneath the surface for its dinner is many degrees more beautiful than a Chicago abbatoir; and most of those features of wild life which we deplore from the standpoint of some fancied human code excel by the esthetic criterion their human counterparts.

Here is a challenge that cannot be ignored. I often wonder whether, if we could forego for a season the moral, economic, and religious ideas to which men cling so dearly, and united in the supreme task of studying where our social order lacks beauty and the means whereby it may be made more beautiful, we might not climb more rapidly, and with fewer needless battles. Emily Dickinson seemed to think so:

> I died for beauty, but was scarce
> Adjusted in the tomb,
> When one who died for truth was lain
> In an adjoining room.
>
> He questioned softly, why I failed?
> "For beauty," I replied.
> "And I for truth—the two are one;
> We brethren are," he said.

NO, it is not back to nature that we need to go. Not back to a primeval state of life, dripping with gore and setting a premium upon its predatory plunderers. Nature, despite man's vast superiority to his fellows in a general way, offers him a great dynamic stimulus which no pen could describe, but which few mortals who will seek need fail to find, and know when they have found it. There are those who know its ways with the curious insatiate intimacy that reaches from the microscopic but often lovely denizens of stagnant pools to the far blue splendor of Rigel, on Orion's foot, 450 light years off in unimaginable space. To these, nature is no soporific, inducing smug contentment with our tawdry civilization. Its peace is the peace of giant reservoirs which cool the lips of thirsty thousands; its calm grandeur is the quiet of mountain lakes which flow to turn the wheels of countless far-off cities. And as its devotees go from its green-domed corridors, they step forth strongly fitted, in body and in spirit, for the performance of their humble yet immeasurably significant efforts in the endless social struggle.

The Frisky Muse

Virtue Is Its Own Reward

A Tract in Verse

WHEN come from Keokuk of late
I yearned to be Sophisticate;
I longed to find a Curious Sin
And let it crawl my Soul within—
(It's rather hard, if you but knew—
Of Curious Sins there are so few!)
I simply had no Sense of Shame
And Irony was my Middle Name.
I sniffed at Mother, Home and Heaven
Till at my Teas from Five to Seven
The Village murmured enviously,
"How very Decadent is she!"
I always sat upon my Spine,
Describing a Futurist Line,
And felt (or so I told the Set)
Undressed without my Cigarette. . . .
My definition of a Dub
Still echoes down the Coffee Club,
And the Algonquin said with tears
Nobody'd Sneered so well for Years!

But soon I noticed, most Forlorn,
You do not get paid high for Scorn.
The Wage of Sin is almost Nil,
And all the Epigrams I'd spill
Though Columnists on them grew fat,
I got no nourishment from That!
Starvation stared me in the Face,
Until one day I took a Brace.

I wrote a story, mournfully
Called "How my Boss Insulted Me."
Though it's a lowering thing to state,
I promptly Sold it—and I Ate.
So now—a ghastly retrogression—
Each day I do a True Confession.
With Tears I'm Saved by Baby Hands
(They will not let me *dream* of Glands)
Or tales about the Dear Old Farm
And how its Thought kept me from Harm,
Or how, a Discontented Wife,
A Mother's Memory saved my Life.
I cheer the Moron day by day
Because, alas, I find it Pay!

For Virtue is its own reward,
And also Clothing, Roof and Board!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Hands

MY wife's hands are long and thin
Fit to catch a spirit in,
Fit to set a silver snare
For something lighter than the air.

My brother's hands are long and fine,
Good at verse and pouring wine,
Good to spend and bad to hoard
And good to hold a singing sword.

My own hands are short and blunt,
Being children of affront,
Base mechanics, at the most,
That have sometimes touched a ghost.

I ask, between the running sands,
A blessing upon four hands,
And, for mine, an iron stake
They can do their best to break.

Now God the Son and God the Sire
And God the triple-handed fire,
Make these blessings come to be
Out of your civility
For four hands of courtesy.
AMEN.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

allade for a Lady Who Contemplates Suicide

ADY, methinks you protest too much,—
Rivers and razors are not for you;
here is too plainly a rakish touch
bout the way that you wear your rue.
chopenhauer talked that strain, too,
pon a pistol he pillowed his head,
ut he lived to be old, and here's the clue:
nly the lively dog plays dead.

ll too often I've seen you clutch
t the place where your heart (if you've had one)
grew,
een you exhibit the dainty smutch
f water no saltier than the dew.
ove hath its martyrs,—all too few.
Have you counted the tears that Don Juan shed?
ut he lived to be old, and here's the clue:
nly the lively dog plays dead.

doughty dame can slay with a crutch;
f Cupid has lamed you, you may do
s you have been done by,—even such
s the counsel that I have found most true,
nd Solomon must have held this view,
Whatever his Proverbs may have said,
or he lived to be old, and here's the clue:
nly the lively dog plays dead.

ady, say that your mood is blue,
o was Omar's, you may have read,
ut he lived to be old, and here's the clue:
nly the lively dog plays dead.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

The Souvenir Hunter to Her Love

SUPPOSE I could bring you this rug-alligator
Neatly mounted on flannel
r this portrait of Ponce de Leon on a waiter
Or these palms on a panel,
his thermometer mounted on almost-bananas
Or this crimson plush cat,
r the music-box masked as a box of Havanas—
But you wouldn't like that.

could buy you this spoon with the caravel rocking
Or this child-eating bear
r this bathing young person who's meant to be
shocking
With her heels in the air;
don't think you like beads—worn above your tuxedo
They'd be misunderstood,
nd this orange in wax with a view of the Lido
Isn't really so good.

I've brought you ten ashtrays—by now they must cover
Your desk out of sight;
You're sweet about neckties, but one does discover
They're never quite right.
You couldn't use cups, or bold cards saying "Kiss Me!"
Or this woven palm shelf—
It's an age since I've seen you—I hope that you miss
me!
I'll bring you—myself!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Portrait

IF this impenitent sinner
Be given a grudging salvation,
He will gracefully swagger to Heaven
Before all creation.

He will patronize saints, and be gracious
And occasionally boast,
And be kind to the tired victorious
Almost as though he were Host.

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

Pedagogy

ONCE by a mullioned window, long ago,
Abelard, the teacher, sat beside young Eloise,
And as the sand dripped slowly through the glass
He taught her all the lore of ancient time:
How Alexander won the day at Arbela,
How Ptolemy made a map of all the stars,
Till her bright head, itself a kind of falling star,
Sank on her arms,—she was so tired.

He could not understand her weariness,
But he was kind:
Perhaps if he should take her to the garden—

When they had reached the little walled round garden,
There she began to teach and he to learn.
She taught him that by standing near a fountain
You can feel the cool wet of it on your face.
She taught him that by standing close under a lilac tree
You can become dizzy with the smell of it.
She taught him other things.

And for all her teaching he did not become tired
Nor droop his head.

Shall we conclude then
That youth is a better teacher
Than middle age can be?

KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN

Civil Disobedience

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN

UNJUST laws should be broken. To establish this proposition requires defense of a man's right to decide for himself what "unjust" means. For the government which enacts the law attempts thereby to secure the acceptance of its idea of justice, and our issue arises when a citizen's idea of justice conflicts with that of the government.

This article is a brief for the violation of unjust laws. But in so being, it is of necessity a brief for the theory that for any given person those laws are unjust which offend his highest moral sense. Confronted by a certain set of circumstances a man believes that for him participation in war is the greatest conceivable wrong. To him, therefore, a conscription act commanding that he enter the army is an unjust law.

Several elements probably are included in men's "highest moral sense." Forgetting modern psychology for the moment, we may think of "conscience," from whatever source derived, as telling men to follow the highest when they see it. The touchstone of reliable consciences has uniformly been a conception of the ideal society, not narrow selfishness. "Judgment" is an informant of conscience—it tells men the best route to that ideal. In the mind of the absolute pacifist there is a fierce conflict between his love of peace and his love of orderly government; between his hatred of war and his hatred of anarchy. In our confused world the "good" and the "evil" are perplexingly mixed. Conscience tells him to seek that solution which incorporates the most "good" and the least "evil." Then his judgment is consulted—what is that solution? His judgment draws on the accessible store of accumulated human experience, and assigns a greater risk to individual participation in the war system, a lesser risk to the possibility of the destruction of orderly government. It counsels that the task cannot be accomplished without deliberate disobedience of law. Conscience banishes cowardice, and the man stands by his judgment, calls the conscription act an unjust law, violates it and goes to prison.

This example of how men decide which laws are unjust raises the main question. Why should we break unjust laws?

Unjust laws must be violated, or the individual conscience—the ability to envision the ideal society—will atrophy. The individual is the ultimate unit of society. External authority of any kind is in the last analysis merely suggestive. Even that external authority which we call government is only suggestive—though its suggestions, in the form of laws, should have great weight. The state calls on force to give its decrees effect. Ye even here the person himself chooses. He may obe the law and go unmolested or violate it and be coerced In either instance, unless he conforms out of shee cowardice, it is his judgment and his conscience direct ing him.

Disobedience in the name of justice is not destruc tive of individual morals. Cowardice—failure to dis obey when disobedience seems necessary—is alone thu ruinous. Let a man consistently fail to yield full obedi ence to the greatest light vouchsafed him, and soo there will be no light at all. The habit of subservienc to external authority tends to destroy in the individua the capacity for judgment. Powers not exercised wil disappear. Better to make a wrong judgment than t lose the power to make any judgment.

Again, unjust laws must be violated or society's ad vance is checked. Traditions solidify and bar the wa of progress. Their disciples cloak them with a sanc tity which gives them irresponsible power. "Tim makes ancient good uncouth"—in religion, with it early ideas of a vengeful God; in politics, with its di vine right of kings, its Monroe doctrines. Govern ments are not infallible—not even democracies. T check irresponsible power, to expose the fallibility o the governing group, there must be heretics who wil break unjust laws.

IN all ages the man who has seemed wrong today ha been called right tomorrow. In every day th heretics have mapped the route of tomorrow's major ity—Luther at Worms, Adams and Jefferson at Phila delphia, Garrison on Boston Common. History woul seem to teach us also that the revolt of the heretic would have been ineffective had he not actually violated the laws that were to him unjust. Striking, dramati action is necessary to convince others of intense feel ing for principle. Jesus had actually to break the bind ing ceremonial code or the Galileans would never have seen the significance of a God who was concerned with inward righteousness.

THE individual is not more important than the state, but preservation of keen individual con sciences is more important than any group which may at a certain time be in control of the state. The state is composed of individuals, and its task is to secure the greatest good for the greatest number. The only real treason is an act which endangers that greatest good. This article contends that loyalty to conscience is a

ital element in that greatest good. The state does ot today possess all truth. Little truth will be discov-ed if men and women stop short in their search for

Great caution must be exerted in deciding that a law unjust. The maintenance of the theory of majority ule is important. Perhaps it will be outweighed in the inds of some by their abhorrence of war. It should ot be outweighed by a desire to drive a motor car at terrific rate of speed. We must be as certain as pos-ble that it is our conscience—our highest moral sense —that the law offends. In the prohibition controversy any "consciences" have been made sensitive to the "injustice" in a restriction solely because it thwarts an appetite.

Disobedience must be a last resort—after every other means of opposition has been exhausted. The violator must take his punishment; and he must try to show his fellow-citizens that his revolt is not against the principles of democratic government, but against a particular unjust law.

Nevertheless, unjust laws should be broken. In no other way can we progress toward that day when all men shall rule themselves by internal authority and the result still be the greatest good for the greatest number.

Building the Soul of a People

RUFUS M. JONES

GEORGE Eliot in *The Spanish Gypsy* wrote these fine lines three-quarters of a century ago:

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world
And leave our spirits in our children's breasts."

There are now and then personal lives of the type hat raise the whole level of life for those that come fter them—lives whose *spirit* becomes evermore "part f the necessary air men breathe." It does not matter ery much whether persons of that type succeed or ail in their own generation, whether they win a crown r a cross—their real service is that of quickening, indling, fusing their fellows, and so of transmitting heir own nobility of purpose and

"Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

It was with this accomplishment in mind that James Russell Lowell said of the heroes whom he celebrated n *The Commemoration Ode,*

"Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

It seems to me that this is the greatest service that Mahatma Gandhi is rendering to India today. It i, ossible to count up an impressive list of real achie e-nents which are due to his endeavors, but overtopping ll his specific contributions is the contribution of his ife. The by-product, which came unconsciously, as often happens, is more important than the definite roduct which he aimed to get. Gandhi's life is such n immense achievement, his spirit is such a tremen-lous contribution to the world that there will be an imperishable legacy from him, whether his plans succeed or go awry.

The most important question to ask about a leader is to find out how far he has helped to create a nobler spirit in the hearts of his people, how far he has been able to raise and inspire the souls of his contemporaries and successors. Gandhi stands this test in a very high degree. He is slowly building a new soul in India. He is one of those rare persons who are unconscious of personal interests, unconcerned about what is coming to them. He comes as near as anyone I ever saw to a complete abolition of the ego-focus, the ego-complex. He is absorbed in a cause; he is "lost" in the movement which he leads and inspires. He calls his method non-violence, but that is a very weak word for it. It is not a nay-method; it is a yea-method. It does not negate; it affirms. It is not the renunciation of the use of force; it is the discovery and the application of one of the greatest forces in the universe—the force of love, of human understanding, of unalloyed good will, of heroic friendship, of sympathetic cooperation; in short the might of *truth.* Gandhi calls his entire life-work "an experiment in truth." There is no better way to name it. And the greatest thing about his "experiment" will be its contribution to the new soul of India.

WHAT we need at the present moment here in America is a massive contribution to the building of a new soul in our nation. I do not for a moment support the view that we are a nation of money grabbers, debt-collectors, dollar-chasers, sordid materialists, "boot-leggers," sunk in corruption and selfish aims. We have our quota of idealism. The dark picture is relieved by many sunrise streaks of beautiful color. There are many currents setting steadily

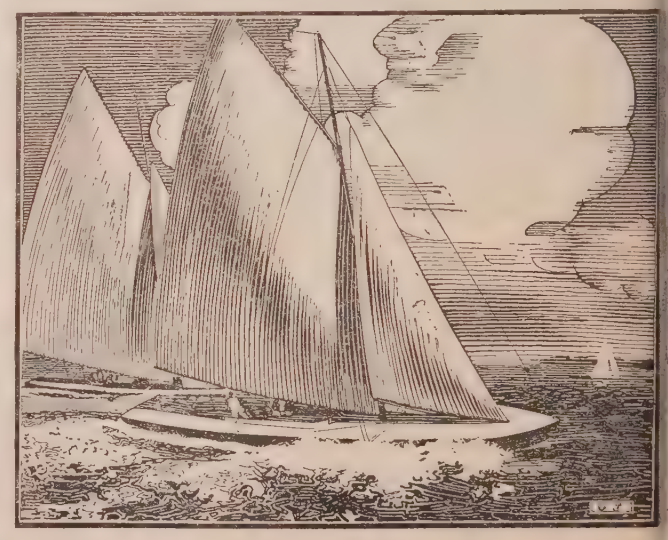
toward the better consummation for which we long. What we somehow lack is a concerted building of a nobler soul in our nation.

Our reformers are somewhat too much occupied with reforms and not enough concerned to raise the inner quality of their own lives and to purify and exalt the spirit of those for whom they labor. The method employed by too many of our "uplifters" and protagonists of causes is one of violence in Gandhi's sense of the word. He says that to be proud or to feel superior or to get ruffled, i. e., "mad," is already to use "violence." Anger *is* violence. Superiority *is* violence. There are weaponless ways of attack that are as violent as the use of poison-gas would be. Even if such methods promote the cause in hand, they do not build a new soul in the nation: they do not propagate the spirit of love and cooperation. They engender bitterness and leave behind wounds and scars. It is possible to succeed and yet to fail. It is possible to arrive at a specific objective, to achieve a triumph, and yet to have missed all the odor and perfume that should sanctify the victory. It is possible to secure the product and yet to fail with what is more important, the by-product in the form of a new and radiant spirit.

This deeper and subtler business is what concerns me. I am not satisfied merely to work reforms and to espouse "causes." I want to see the creation of a new atmosphere, the spread and permeation of a new spirit, the building of a new soul. This calls for different methods from the old time well known ones. It means a much more careful preparation of the personal instrument for the service, and it calls, too, for the formation of a group spirit and a fellowship-habit of mind rather than for sheer battering-ram methods of attack upon an external system.

GANDHI is not the only person who has discovered the invincible might of love and truth. I found in Japan, in China, in India, and in the Philippines quiet workers who use his method of creating a new order of life, of building from within, of constructing a new civilization by slowly shifting the level of life and thought. Gandhi is certainly the foremost living leader of that type and he, more than most who have tried the method, has perfected the personal instrument. He is an unselfish spirit. He has conquered fear, hate, anger, impatience, and self-seeking. He has acquired a second-nature propensity for sacrifice and self-giving. He is unspoiled by the possession of the remarkable qualities of leadership which are his. Fame, controversy, persecution, head-lines, notoriety, exploitation, adoration have all flowed over him and left him simple, natural, spontaneously loving. That is why he so extraordinarily raises the level of life. His love and goodness and truth lift like the forces that raise the tides of the ocean. It is no wonder he is called Mahatma—"the great-souled one." It is not strange that he is loved as few men in all the ages have ever been loved. It is quite natural that he should be putting a new soul into the people of India. That is the way it is always done!

I AM appealing for the application of his method to our tasks of life and work. William James once wrote: "I am done with great things and big things, for great institutions and big successes; and I am for those tiny invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual: creeping in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets or like the capillary oozing of water, but which, give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride." That is exactly the secret. "He will not strive nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the street. A bruised reed he will not break, and the smouldering wick he will not quench." This type of hero believes in little things, in unobtrusive forces. He begins within and works out. His foundations are spiritual. His resources lie deep within the eternal nature of things. The result is that he is more than a conqueror. When he wins, he more than wins. His by-product overflows his product. He creates by an unconscious contagion that indescribable reality which we call *spirit*. He propagates a life-quality. He sets a new energy into operation in the souls of the people who come in contact with him and thus he shifts the level of life. That type of leadership is what we need. One does not need to be a "mahatma" to begin using that method. It works just as well in a small group as in a large one. It is as suitable for a tiny hamlet as for a teeming nation. It works both in the small and in the large: and our times call loudly for such leadership.



Not in the Headlines

AGNES A. SHARP

Loan of £60,000,000 to Russia

The German Government is approving and will support the German banks and cooperating German industrialists in their negotiations with the Soviet Government for the granting to Moscow of commercial credits totaling between £40,000,000 and £60,000,000. The credits, it is understood, are to be repaid in eight years.

The Yellow Peril

It is significant that Mr. Glenn Ginn, a Chinese student at Park College, Missouri, won an Interstate Oratorical Contest with a speech on "The Yellow Peril."

Concentration of Power

Recently Patrick E. Crowley, President of the New York Central Railroad, applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to become a director of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad, in which his company has lately bought a one-sixth interest, and of four of that railroad's subsidiaries. The law, which aims to prevent the interlocking of railroad directorates, requires that the names of the railroads in which an individual is already a director be submitted to the I. C. C. before his request can be considered. In Mr. Crowley's list there were 102 railroads. If permission is granted, he will sit on the boards of 107 railroads. The record is held, however, by Vice-President Albert J. County, of the Pennsylvania, who holds 148 directorates. Albert H. Harris, one of Mr. Crowley's vice-presidents, has 108 directorships.

French Women's Call to War Resistance

From the May, 1927, *War Resister* we quote in part: "Immediately after the publication of the New Defense Bill, Madame Camille Drevet, Secretary of the French Section of the Women's International League, published an appeal in her paper, *The Voice of Woman:*

"'The world is in chaos. The storm rages. The earth trembles, and just at this moment, as a supreme precaution, women are to be compulsorily enlisted to assist in the use of violence.

"'We cannot accept that which we have not voted for.

"'We do not want to cooperate in this fratricidal struggle. We are at one with all those who resist war. Women, let us have the courage to resist this barbarism!

"'Today we create this group of women who pledge themselves not to do war service and who will accept prison and death rather than break this pledge. Men going to war against their brothers will have to walk across the bodies of those who will resist until death.

"'Send us this simple declaration:

"''"I promise not to do war service and to resist mobilization, even if it endangers my life."

(Signed) "'Camille Drevet.

"'Collette Reynaud.'

"A week later four other women identified themselves with the writers of this appeal."

Mexican Women's Peace Union

The National Council of Mexican Women recently decided to form a Mexican section of the Women's Peace Union, having for its basis the war resisters' declaration. The May number of *The War Resister* states that "this appears to be the first pacifist demonstration in Latin America, and the full account given in *Excelsior,* a Mexican paper, is the first published report of the War Resisters' International in the Spanish language."

De Pauw Makes Military Training Optional

In the February WORLD TOMORROW we stated: "The Methodists still have compulsory military training in one of their universities —De Pauw." On May 10 a decision was made by the faculty that courses given by the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at De Pauw University, Indiana, will thereafter be optional. President L. H. Murlin was opposed to the measure. Both President Murlin and Major W. R. Orton, commander of the unit, believe the R. O. T. C. cannot survive there as an optional course.

Institute of Public Affairs

The University of Virginia, beginning August 8, will hold an Institute of Public Affairs. It will limit its program to a study and discussion of national, state and local governmental problems and to economic and social questions underlying them. The program has not been definitely formulated, but the following are some of the topics suggested for discussion: Farm relief, mounting cost of state and municipal expenses, the cancellation of foreign debts, prohibition, the right of Congress to judge the qualifications of its members, vanishing rights of the states, Mexican and Latin-American policy, present-day tendencies in labor legislation, the growth of serious crimes in the United States and possible remedies, the League of Nations.

Negro Press 100 Years Old

The second century in the history of the Negro press in America has begun. On March 16, 1827, John B. Russwurm, first Negro college graduate in the United States (Bowdoin), established his *Freedom's Journal,* with the financial assistance of Reverend Samuel A. Cornish, in New York City, to combat slavery. A number of other newspapers to fight the same evil were founded. Prior to the Emancipation Proclamation, they were mostly of the propaganda organ type.

With the destruction of slavery and with the close of the Civil War began the next period of the Negro press. It began to be a real purveyor of news of the varied activities of the race. Today finds the Negro press fighting many of the problems which grew out of the period of reconstruction. The next period will be one of increasing news, accurately reported, and opinion expressed in editorials and signed articles.

Building Tomorrow's World

Can the Nations be Christian Toward China?

IT IS not always easy to state general principles. But it is always more difficult to attempt the application of general principles to concrete and complex situations. And yet clearly there are very few things more necessary. We must on occasion be prepared to say not only what our principles are but what they mean in relation to definite human problems. Jesus faced with the scribe's question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" answered it by a declaration of principle, "Love God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbour as thyself." The scribe is not completely satisfied with the answer. "Who is my neighbour?" And Jesus answers with a concrete application of the principle in the parable of the Good Samaritan. That is what being neighbour meant in a definite and particular situation: "Go thou and do likewise."

It is comparatively easy to state the outstanding Christian principles—the brotherhood of man, the supreme value of the human soul, the fundamental equality of human beings in the great family of humanity. They become challenging and sometimes revolutionary only in their application.

WHAT, then, at the present time do Christian principles mean in relation to China?

China was opened up, by force, during the period stretching from 1838 to 1860. Both westerners and Chinese were distrustful and even contemptuous of each other. They were different in point of view, and in mode of thought and of life. The Chinese were anxious to keep the "Barbarians" out, just as the westerners, for purposes of trade, were anxious to gain admittance. The issue was decided by the use of force, wielded by Great Britain and France. Other nations, however, including America, acquiesced in that use of force and were perfectly willing to benefit from the consequences.

There followed the establishment of a regime of privilege guaranteed to the powers in a series of unequal treaties, which established extraterritoriality, most favored nation treatment, open ports, and so on. These privileges were wrested from China under conditions of humiliation.

Gradually the resentment of China deepened. It was fed by the unscrupulous exploitation which foreign nations engaged in under cover of their privileges. Provinces like Annam and Burmah were detached from Chinese sovereignty. Leases which were camouflage for confiscation were forced from China under threat of coercion and war. Economic privileges were obtained which constituted a practical control by western groups of important phases of Chinese life and activity. Spheres of influence were marked out in anticipation of the day when China would become spoil for the strong.

THIS was the soil in which Chinese nationalism grew. It was cradled in a sense of wrong. China realized that she was not an equal among equals. At first this nationalism was a movement of protest, the reaction of a people against injustice. It blazed out in blind fury in the Boxer rising of 1900.

Then nationalism became something more. It made positive demands—for liberty, independence and self-determination. It resented economic control almost as much as it did political domination. The mainspring of the Chinese revolution of 1910 is to be found in this fact. The Manchu dynasty had become an obstacle to the achievement of these objectives. It relied on foreign loans and was inclined to depend on them more and more. It was swept out of existence as a result.

Since then it has been seeking leadership. It found it partly in Sun-Yat-sen and partly in the party which was Dr. Sun's creation: the Kuomintang—National People's Party. It has now a policy, watch-words, an inspiring memory, effective organization—all the things that make nationalist movements strong and potent. It has besides, what is almost as important, an enduring sense of injustice, of oppression. It is bent on securing certain things, *unity* first of all. That would mark the definite emergence of United China.

And then economic reform, education, reconstruc-

ion, and so on. But among these things insistence upon the demand already being made not by the Southern Government only, but by such government as exists in the North as well—the demand for the recognition of Chinese equality. But what China, what the Orient resents most of all is the implication of superiority on the part of the west.

The demand for equality will involve of course a demand for the abrogation of the privileges based on the unequal treaties. Extraterritoriality has had its day. Whatever may happen in China—whether South or North triumphs—no Chinese government which accepts foreign control will stand any chance of stability or of permanence.

What, Then, Is the Christian Policy?

I.

THE western nations shall avoid intervention in Chinese affairs. They must be patient and must err on the side of patience even, if that be possible. There has been one serious incident already, in which armed force has been called into play by the western powers. It is not my province to attempt to formulate a judgment as to the actual facts in relation to Nanking. Granted that the bombardment was justified from a purely political or military standpoint—that it saved lives even, one consideration seems to me to have tremendous weight. During the whole campaign extending over eight months, involving the victorious march of enthusiastic armies, no foreign life was sacrificed before the Nanking incident. If any one had told us that that was possible under the conditions prevailing in China a year ago should we have believed it? The surprising thing in China is not that there was a Nanking incident but that there were not dozens of them.

What shall we do about Nanking—and especially what if there is another incident? You know what the powers actually did. They presented identical notes on April 11 demanding three things: (1) Punishment of the commander responsible, (2) an apology and a promise to refrain from violence or agitation against foreign lives and property and (3) complete reparation for personal injuries and damages done. I don't propose to criticize those demands. The important point is that nothing has been done to enforce them. Intervention just now in China would be worse than any failure of formal justice. No one can tell what dread consequence would follow intervention. The paramount need now is patience and still patience. That, and sympathy and imagination. Strictly and absolutely, if gunboats and troops are in China to protect lives and property, let them keep within the limits of that avowed intention.

Ought they to be there at all? I doubt it. I doubt whether they have done any good. If the southern government had been entrusted with the task of safeguarding foreign lives and property that government declares it would have done it. Certainly they were not foreign soldiers that secured that in Wuchang and Hankow not a single foreign life was sacrificed during the capture and occupation of those cities. With the one exception of Nanking the southerners have demonstrated their capacity for maintaining order.

II.

IS IT not clearly Christian policy to act toward China with a view to China's welfare rather than to our own interests? It may be, of course, that a far sighted policy of helpfulness towards China now is the best way to secure our real interests in that country. China has immense resources and tremendous commercial possibilities. Her friendship is going to be worth much even from the economic point of view later on. But I am here stressing rather the supremacy of human values. China has a contribution to make to the world's life—I think a great contribution. She must have freedom to live her own life to develop her own genius, to cultivate her own soul in her own way. She will be hampered if the west tries to keep her in the leading strings of the present treaty system. Extraterritoriality must go, customs control must go, and the nations individually and separately must enter into negotiations with China as an equal, to formulate the treaties that are to govern the status of concessions and settlements.

III.

MY last point is this. Much has been said about reparation and compensation. Always it has been reparation and compensation *from China* for this thing or the other thing. Do the powers owe China nothing by way of reparation and restitution? Japan returned Shantung. Great Britain has promised to return Wei-hai-wei and France has promised to return of Kwang-chau-wan. I wish they would hurry and redeem those promises.

They should go further still. I suppose it is very unwordly and idealistic to long for a generous gesture which would indicate something like penitence on the part of the great powers. I would like to see some morning a statement that Great Britain was prepared to consider terms on which Hongkong could be returned to China! If I saw it I should probably not believe it. Such things are not done. I wish some nation would start doing them—attempting to put into practice the principles of justice which are the foundation of real understanding among nations.

DAVID BRYN-JONES

Books on Many Themes

A Page With Poets

THE shelf behind my shoulder has been slowly filling these late months, and it is time, if ever, to share it with the readers who might like to look it over. Here is no prescription for a poetry lover's desert isle nor one of those presumptuous lists of "best" and "not so goods." Envisaging with what clairvoyance one can summon, a group of readers with a great variety of tastes, here are some fairly recent books of verse which may be found well worth the reading, and in some cases may strike holy fire—depending often upon the altar where they lie; into whose hands they chance to fall.

I hope that no one, aware of how rarely are warranted the great hullabaloos raised in the literary world over one new sensation or another, will therefore miss *Tristram,*[1] that really great new work of Edwin Arlington Robinson's. Tragedy, to be sure; but in it all the compensations of loveliness. One need not repeat the encomiums heaped on it elsewhere; but let me fervently urge it upon all who love noble poetry; and with it the enlightening little book about Robinson himself, written by Mark Van Doren.[2]

If you wish to visit in person or vicariously the salty shores of Maine, use for your vessel the tangy poems of Wilbert Snow, in *The Inner Harbor.*[3] Or if it is the green and lively countryside you want to live in, you'll know it more deeply after the crisp, earthy freshness of *7 P.M. and Other Poems,*[4] by Mark Van Doren.

There is a raw vigor that is most stirring in James Rorty's *Children of the Sun,*[5] and E. Merrill Root's *Lost Eden*[6] contains a largé proportion of outdoor verse, infused with whimsical humor, mystical thought, and a fellow-feeling for everything that lives. *Returning to Emotion,*[7] Maxwell Bodenheim's sixth volume, challenges those who have accused him of too self-conscious an intellectualism. George O'Neil, in *The White Rooster,*[8] drills into your mind with a sharp-pointed conception, and leaves there explosive beauty. It may not go off at once, but it shakes you when you feel its detonation later. Lola Ridge's *Red Flag*[9] contains not only strikingly vivid poems of the Russian revolution and its leaders, but verse on other themes, touched by her own imaginative sturdiness. And none should forget the fine *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg,*[10] edited by Rebecca West. If we can't have anything new from Sandburg in the way of poetry, this at least is the next best thing, and his pile-driver-like force is represented in judicious balance with his moods of child-like tenderness and whimsicality.

It is a pity that so often religion attempts to speak in verse that is trivial, superficial, if not even abhorrently badly done. As a moving antidote for such poems, which abound everywhere, lay hold on *Citadels,*[11] a little book by Marguerite Wilkinson, and, for mysticism plus a wide range of other themes seen through the mystic's eyes, the *Collected Poems*[12] of Æ the Irish poet.

In our country, now governed by the ideal of taciturnity, there are bold spirits who still dare laugh, be it even in the street. And in the summer the number is swelled prodigiously. (I have often wished our national elections came in June—we might do vastly better!) Let all the aristocrats of laughter carry with them whithersoever they may go Carolyn Wells's *Book of American Limericks.*[13] It is riotously decked out with 34 illustrations, many of the vintage of 1864, originally sold for the benefit of sufferers of the Civil War. Perhaps the war was warranted, after all! And those who like a heady mixture of this and that, with flashes of contrast, will enjoy the *Second Conning Tower Book,*[14] edited from his column in the New York *World* for 1926 by F. P. A.

Some people don't like anthologies; and there is a loss to poetry readers if they fail to live now and then with some one poet till they know him intimately. But there are arguments, too, for the anthologies, and I confess I fairly revel in them. Whether because my mind is hopelessly immature or because poetry is often akin to youth and childhood, I have never enjoyed a collection of all sorts of poems more than *Yesterday and Today,*[15] edited by Louis Untermeyer, and intended primarily for readers of high-school age—and up. Verse of all moods and tempers is found in it—gay, romping, heroic, lyric, humorous, religious—an incredible variety, and all selected with a practiced judgment. There is a bit about each poet and a stimulating and informative section on poetry itself. Oh, if there had been such a book back in those poetry-hating early 1900's! More staid and classical, but representative of many historical poets and some modern ones as well, is *The Riverside Book of Verse,*[16] edited by Robert M. Gay. And an extremely comprehensive volume meant chiefly for college classes, but worth anybody's owning, is the substantial compilation, *Types of Poetry,*[17] by Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Rinaker.

There may be others that are better than some books here included; and, obviously, all these would not please everyone. But, on the whole, somewhere along this list the lucky few whose hunger for poetry has to be fed now and again, at least, will find what they recognize as sustenance.

DEVERE ALLEN.

[1] *Published by The Literary Guild. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.50.* [2] *Published by The Literary Guild. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.50.* [3] *Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.75.* [4] *Published by A. & C. Boni. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.75.* [5] *Published by Macmillan. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.75.* [6] *Published by The Unicorn Press. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.* [7] *Published by Boni & Liveright. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.* [8] *Published by Boni & Liveright. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.* [9] *Published by The Viking Press. Through the World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.50.* [10] *Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.* [11] *Published by Macmillan. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.50.* [12] *Published by Macmillan. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $3.75.* [13] *Published by Putnam's. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.50.* [14] *Published by Macy-Masius. Through the World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.* [15] *Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.50.* [16] *Published by Houghton Mifflin. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $3.* [17] *Published by Macmillan. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, trade edition, $5; school, $4.*

Workers' Holidays

A RATHER technical study but one of great value to those who can effectively use its detailed material is *Vacations for Industrial Workers,* by Charles M. Mills. It is one of the Research Series of the Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc. A book like this, while showing how much progress toward a more enjoyable life for the wage-earner is being urged here and there, vividly indicates the glaring contrasts in our social order between the privileged and under-privileged workers. The history of the vacation movement, how it is developing, and its social and economic results are painstakingly included. (Published by The Ronald Press Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $5.)

D. A.

Oldtime Followers of Our Roads

UP and down the highways of the early United States strolled picturesque figures beside which our modern automobile hoboes are conventionally standardized. Itinerant artists, peddlers of everything conceivable, weird freaks with one obsession or another. This fantastic life of the countryside in years gone by has been most delightfully resurrected by Richardson Wright, in *Hawkers and Walkers in Early America,* and you will have to search hard to find its beat for lightsome, colorful "vacation reading." (Published by J. B. Lippincott Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $4.50 postpaid.) D. A.

As Others See Us

NO foreigner in recent years has made a more penetrating, accurate and significant evaluation of the merits and defects of civilization in the United States than has André Siegfried in his volume *America Comes of Age.* He discusses race relations, industrialism, politics, prohibition, foreign policy, culture, religion, and other themes of our national life with an insight that at times is positively astounding, although he occasionally makes serious blunders. Not many Americans understand their own country half as well as does this discerning Frenchman. One arises from a reading of this volume with many misgivings concerning the future of civilization on this continent. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $3 postpaid.) K. P.

The Youth Movement in China

UNDER this title Tsi C. Wang has made a careful chronological survey of the constructive side of what is known as the youth movement in China. In the 241 pages he gives the reader a sense of perspective over the whole and an understanding of the factors that have gone into the stream of thought and action of these young intellectuals of China. It is concrete and without undue idealization. (Published by The New Republic. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.) A. A. S.

Socialist Thought

THERE is great need in this country for a rational understanding of that multiform movement of protest and search for a better world known as socialism. Since the World War particularly Europe has had many "socialist" governments. But over here, despite innumerable "socialist" features in government, the word still conjures up an unreasoning, emotional reaction that is hostile. For that reason the ignorance on this subject is as dense as it is widespread. Socialism and anarchism, syndicalism and bolshevism are cheerfully lumped together, to say nothing of Marxianism and Revisionism. Harry W. Laidler's *History of Socialist Thought* is therefore timely and necessary. He has done notable work in this field before. The present volume is the most exhaustive treatise of the subject in a single volume in English. Students, editors, and the like will find it valuable for continual reference, while those who fear and hate socialism may discover what it is. (Published by the Crowell Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $3.50.) H. C. E.

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FRANK H. SIMONDS is one of the ablest American correspondents abroad, even if he was one of the chief purveyors of war propaganda. In his new volume, *How Europe Made Peace Without America,* he has sketched in an unusually interesting fashion the history of European conflict and cooperation since Versailles. Nowhere else can one find a more illuminating interpretation of the profound change that has come over Europe since Locarno. Particularly impressive is the author's evaluation of the League as a method rather than an institution, especially when the fact is recalled that he has long been a severe critic of the Geneva institution. (Published by Doubleday, Page and Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $5.) K. P.

Palpably Alive

BLACK APRIL, by Mrs. Julia Peterkin, is a story of the Negroes in an isolated cotton plantation near the South Carolina coast. It is a sympathetic and genuine presentation of the basic characteristics of a race. Her analysis of superstition is so real and so alive that it is easy for us to understand how and why it looms large in life. This imaginative narrative of birth, death, hunger, fear, mystery, and passion is one of the few understanding and artistic studies of Negro life situations that have been written. The book is to be recommended widely, but not as a first book for people who do not know Negro life and Negro literature. (Published by Bobbs Merrill Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $2.50.) A. A. S.

Professional Patriots

WHAT a grand thing to be a "patriot" by profession! To know that you are always right, that the country would go to rack and ruin without you, to carry on the fight from day to day against the "reds" till the very grass and trees and brooks turn red before your eye! Grand, perhaps, but also rather ridiculous and stupid. Norman Hapgood has edited the materials gathered by Sidney Howard and John Hearley which expose the methods and aims of this group. If only America had a sense of humor it would soon rid itself of this pest. (Published by A. and C. Boni. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $1.50.) H. C. E.

Propagandist for Independence

CITIZEN of England, the United States, and France; intimate friend and adviser of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Napoleon, and the French revolutionists; first advocate of complete independence from Great Britain and of a permanent union of the thirteen States; official propagandist of the Continental Congress and the Revolutionary Army; rewarded by Congress and State governments; condemned to death in England for sedition and imprisoned by the French terrorists; believer in God and denouncer of sham in religion; at times intemperate in language and personal habits; vilified by reactionaries in state and church; arch pamphleteer of all times—*Thomas Paine* was one of the most remarkable men of the revolutionary period. Nowhere else can one find so complete and interesting a biography of this lover of mankind as in a recent volume by Mary Agnes Best. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, $3.50 postpaid.) K. P.

BETTER BOOKS *for* ALL-ROUND READING

ny of the following books, all of which have been carefully lected after a reading by at least one member of the staff, may ordered from The World Tomorrow Bookshop at the regular retail price. We pay the postage.

eclining Liberty, by John A. Ryan. New York: Macmillan, 1927. 6 x 9. 350 pages. $4. A thoughtful and disturbing discussion of the state of liberty—civil, political, and economic—in the United States.

merican Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy, edited by Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: Knopf, 1927. 5¾ x 8½. 3 volumes now ready. $4 each. This set will eventually consist of ten volumes and will be invaluable to students of diplomacy.

other and Son, by Romain Rolland. New York: Holt, 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 415 pages. $2.50. This is the third volume of the great novel, *The Soul Enchanted,* a study of one woman. It may easily be read independently.

s Modern Writers See Jesus, by Adelaide T. Case. Boston: Pilgrim Press, 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 128 pages. $1.25. An exceptional, valuable, descriptive bibilography of books about Jesus.

he Woman a Man Marries, by Victor Cox Pederesen, M.D. New York: Doran, 1927. 6 x 8½. 276 pages. $3. A modern and scientific version of Adam laying the blame on Eve. Conceding, however, that women's ignorance is responsible for the present deplorable social conditions, Dr. Pedersen explains the biological, physiological and sociological facts of sex. Valuably informative for all women—particularly the ladies.

ecent Revelations of European Diplomacy, by G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green, 1927. 6 x 9. 218 pages. $3. A readable guide through the most important source material of the war literature of the last decade by the foremost English authority. By no means exhaustive, yet it covers an enormous range.

Vhere Is Civilization Going? by Scott Nearing. New York: Vanguard Press, 1927. 4½ x 7¼. 110 pages. 50c. An essay in historic interpretation to point the direction in which our present social forces are traveling. The author sees a new "culture epoch" in which human values predominate.

he Marionette, by Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. 4 x 6½. 181 pages. $1.75. A delicate piece of fantastic fiction. A view of things seen through the distorted stream of the unconscious mind of a feeble-minded boy. Vistas of much that rests beyond the edge of the world and is generally left untroubled.

he Road to the Temple, by Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1927. 5½ x 8. 445 pages. $3. Biography. Reactions to cultural life in America in the last few years. University life, newspaper life and the rise of the Provincetown Players. The part describing present-day life in Delphi and Parnassus is beautifully done.

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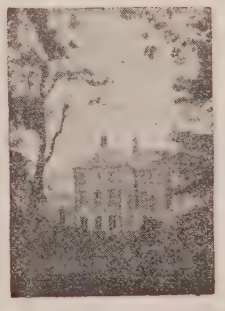

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Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist, by E. J. Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press, 1927. 9 x 5½. 327 pages. $4. A detailed but unwearying account of the literary development, from boyhood to the present, of this writer, educator and prophet beloved the world around.

The Divinity in Man, by John W. Graham. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1927. 6 x 9. 316 pages. $2.50. A stimulating study of Christian mysticism, with brief biographies of several outstanding mystics.

Across Arctic America, by Knud Rasmussen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1927. 6 x 9¼. 388 pages. $5. Narrative of the Fifth Thule Expedition, 1921-1924. By dog sledge from Danish Greenland across the top of the World to Alaska.

An Outline Introduction to the History of Religions, by Theodore H. Robinson. New York: Oxford University Press, 1926. 5 x 7½. 244 pages. $2. A competent and scholarly survey of the more important of the historic religions of the world. Gives the main general tendencies of mankind in its quest for God.

Main Currents of American Journalism, by Willard G. Bleyer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1927. 5¾ x 8½. 464 pages. $4. From "Publick Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestick" to the tabloids. A comprehensive history with bibliographies.

Horace Greeley, by Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1926. 6 x 9. 433 pages. $5. The life and work of a powerful crusading editor of the middle period.

American Masters of Social Science. Edited by Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt, 1927. 5¾ x 9. 411 pages. $4.50. Ten pioneers of the social sciences portrayed by ten admirers. The biographical approach is in this case very fruitful.

The Case For and Against Psychical Belief. Edited by Carl Murchison. Worcester: Clark University, 1927. 6¼ x 9½. 365 pages. $3.75. Fourteen prominents representing a dozen professions discuss psychical phenomena. Oliver Lodge heads the pros, Harry Houdini the cons. Choose your side!

The Christlike God, by Francis J. McConnell. New York: Abingdon Press, 1927. 5¼ x 7½. 275 pages. $1.75. A very stimulating and inspiring discussion of the attributes of God and the relation between deity and humanity.

Oil, by Upton Sinclair. New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1927. 5¼ x 7¾. 527 pages. $2.50. An exciting novel about oil, big business, sex, politics, sex, fundamentalism, sex, socialism, sex, communism, sex, class war and sex.

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The Last Page

I CAN'T say what it was that made me do it. I cannot say it was precisely ethical. And yet, if advertisement writers will be so irresistibly convincing, weak brains will fall prey to their plausibility. And so, in part, I feel that I am exculpated.

When I picked up, by chance, a copy of *Day Before Yesterday's Hausfrau,* it would have been hard to find a healthier-feeling person this side of Battle Creek. But the first thing my eye fell on was a story of how Mrs. Othman Gerondin Neuenschpengler suffered for years all the torments of hell with asthma. I had never heard of Mrs. Neuenschpengler, although my uncle had a next-door neighbor once by the name of Neuenschüler, out in York State, and this Mrs. Neuenschpinler lived out that way, too. I have always been tender-hearted and the story of Mrs. Neuenschpingler's troubles would have wrung tears from the Great Stone Face. It seemed there was no fake about it, for Mrs. Neuenschpandler had nothing to sell. The Little Hat Medicine Co., of Big Falls, Ky., would gladly send a book telling the details of Mrs. Neuenspender's agonies and her marvelous cure. I have never had asthma, nor has it ever been known to exist in my family, but one never can tell, and it seemed only common sense to write in for the book and read it open-mindedly.

I WROTE. And the letter hadn't been mailed ten minutes that night before I became equally interested in the case of a woman named Smith, who lived in a Southern State, far off from Mrs. Nunweiler. She was a wreck for years because she was so nervous, being unable to sleep or eat anything happily, and making life miserable for her dear ones. I hadn't ever had the reputation of being especially nervous, though the night I was held up on a dusky road and drove our old mare past the robber my brother thought, when I got home, that the prickling sensation I complained of in my scalp might have been really nervousness. But isn't it well to study up on these things, so you know what to do when the malady strikes you down? I wrote to Mrs. Smith at once, there being no company mentioned this time, and asked her if I might have, in a manner of speaking, a review copy of her wonderful book.

That night I just went wild. I never knew there were so many diseases in the universe, and with all of them around, why, you might expect to be stricken every moment. It seemed only reasonable to accept the hundreds of kind offers for free literature as a sane measure of preparedness. (Last month, you remember, I began to see the value of it.) Now, after the passage of a few fateful weeks, I feel that I have taken a regular correspondence course in human suffering, and if any of my readers wants to know where he can get relieved of anything, from nail-biting to his bank account, I can direct him on an instant's notice. My postmaster has asked me to get a larger mailbox, and I don't think anyone ever saw America first in such a fascinating fashion.

One kind inquirer wants to know: "Have you had restful, undisturbed sleep since I last wrote you about my home treatment for sore feet?" Truth is, I have, though I've worried daytimes, trying to puzzle out the matter of Mrs. Nowuspeller—no, Mrs. Smith. Without my venturing to suggest it, that perfect stranger wrote a letter to a company which kindly had sold her medicine that cured her nervousness. And, think of it! They sent me a free sample! I'm now ashamed of my first suspicions, for I did wonder a bit whether there was some connection between the company and Mrs. N—— Smith, and whether the stuff was harmful. But I fed some of it to the cat in his cereal—the way they do the drinking husbands the remedy for whiskey guzzling—and a more stolid and nerveless feline I haven't seen outside the annual convention of the Daughters of the Cherokee War.

There was also the gentleman who sent me the black pills and the red—for stomach trouble, I think they were. It wouldn't be fair to seem too critical of these, for I didn't actually try them, my only stomach trouble at that time occurring before meals, and not after. They were just a little too big, that's all; I doubt if anyone, even Mrs. Neuenpoodle, ever had *that* much stomach trouble. They lay around for a while, and finally we discovered one night, when the children couldn't locate the checkers, that nothing better was ever sold in any toy store. Durable? I'll say they were; the sugar coating, though a little sticky here and there, isn't half worn off yet.

I'VE found out how to grow eyebrows like this—see picture. I've read a powerful true story about a Mr. Gallon, who invented a splendid relief for those who are hard of hearing; I know the secret of how not to be thin (almost too well); and I can stamp off bunions and fallen arches, get the strangle hold on goitre, give the rub to eczema, get the jump on bow legs, sneeze at catarrh, put the liquor habit down in the mouth and develop my figure "without dieting, baths, or other unnecessary exercises." To date, however, since hundreds of follow-up letters have broadly hinted at it as a possible ailment, I realize that I don't yet know the cure for curiosity.

I'd like to write these people, one and all. It seems the only honorable thing to do. I could probably cheer them up by some ambiguous testimonials. You know the sort of thing: "Dear Doctor—Before using your preparation I had lots of trouble with the skin on my face. Now I have nearly none." But I fear a further increase in their "literature." I can see that delays are dangerous; that doubt is often a symptom of something wrong; and that everything depends on my faithfulness. For have these slogans not been well dinned into me?

But it's all off from now on. My insurance solicitor last week refused even to consider an examination, condemning me in advance as a hopelessly bad risk. He said it was common knowledge all over town that I have been secretly doctoring myself for no fewer than eighty-seven known ills, and that my money had gone to fee the makers of home treatments in every State in the Union and twelve foreign countries. Thus fast does retribution follow on wrongdoing!

WELL, never mind. I have just been assured that by correctly spelling the name of a wonderful Southern State from the letters RIDAFLO I have been awarded a splendid building lot in the same great State, the only expense to me being an investment of $32.78 to cover the cost of the legal transfer, certification, postage, fees, and so forth. So, after all, there's always sunshine following the rain.

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